THE

ORDEAL.

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POLITICAL.

To cultivate a friendly intercourse with all their European customers, but, if obliged to choose in such a crisis as this, to prefer the alliance of England, appears to be the soundest policy for the Americans. It is no doubt their interest not to quarrel with England. By a rupture *they would infallibly lose the very object for which they threaten hostilities*, besides incurring a great many other losses. ED. REV. *Randolph and others on the Neutral Questions.*

All would be deem'd, e'en from the cradle, fit
To rule in politicks as well as wit;
The grave, the gay, the fopling and the *dunce*,
Start up (God bless us!) statesmen all at once. CHURCHILL.

LIE.

'IT is only necessary for me to observe that *his Honour's present moral character* has been allowed by his political opponents to be unexceptionable.' *Patriot, March* 28, 1809.

This quotation from a newly established paper, called the Patriot, is the whole answer, which the writer has been able to find, to repel the insinuations of Marcus Brutus, in the letter to his honour, published in the Ordeal of March 11th. That letter charges his honour with being so thoroughly drilled in the service of democracy, that he might in all respects be considered the fittest leader, which could be selected from their prostituted ranks. The Patriot, in affecting to consider this an attack upon 'his honour's *private* moral character,' *admits by implication, the vices of his publick one.* What are we to think, therefore, of the *private morality* of a man, whose publick conduct has been unconstitutional, revengeful, tyrannical and corrupt?

Besides, the federalists have never admitted his honour's private moral character to be unexceptionable. On the contrary, when he was supposed to have been the writer of No. X. of the Farmer's Letters, he was charged with falsehood, irreligion and other vices, equally repugnant to the integrity of that *character.*'

MISREPRESENTATIONS.

RULE OF WAR OF 1756.

'With respect to the general principle which disallows to neutrals in time of war a trade not allowed to them in time of peace, it may be observed,

'That the princple is of modern date, that it is maintained, as is believed, by no other nation but Great-Britain; and that it was assumed by her under the auspices of a maritime ascendancy, which rendered such a principle subservient to her particular interest. [*Mr. Madison's Letter to Mr. Munroe, dated April* 12, 1806. *See also his Letter to Mr. Erskine, dated March* 25, 1808.]

We do not wish to revive this controversy, with any intention of investigating the propriety of the principle for which the English are now contending. But merely to shew that however just our claims may be considered, on the subject of the colonial trade, the *English* have been treated with great unfairness in the argument, which has been produced on the question of the justice of those claims. Mr. Madison, in the paragraph we have just quoted, makes three erroneous assertions.

1st. That the principle is of modern date.

2d. That it has been maintained by no other nation but Great-Britain.

3d. That it was *assumed* by her under the auspices of a maritime ascendency, which rendered such a principle subservient to her particular interest.

The principle is broadly laid down by Valin, in 1704, as an ordonance of Louis XIV. even in a more extended interpretation than the English nation contend for. The following articles from that ordonance will evince this very clearly.

Art. 2d. They (French privateers) are in like manner forbidden to stop vessels belonging to subjects of neutral princes, going from the ports of any state whatever, even of those with which his majesty is at war, and laden on account of the owners or other subjects of neutral princes, with merchandize which shall have been received in the same country or state where they shall have departed, to return *directly* into the ports and dominions of their sovereign.

Art. 3d. He also forbids them to stop vessels belonging to the subjects of neutral princes, departing from the ports of one of the states neutral or allied to his majesty, to go into another

state alike neutral or allied to his majesty: provided they are not laden with *merchandize of the growth or manufacture of his enemies; in which case the merchandize shall be good prize, and the vessel shall be released.*

Art. 4th. This article forbids them to stop vessels going from a neutral port to an enemies port, with the exception only contained in the 3d article.

A pamphlet published 1758, entitled '*The conduct of the Government of Great-Britain, with respect to neutral nations during the present war,*' makes this observation, that 'some powers had prohibited the commerce of neutral nations with their enemies *totally,*' which contains an idea of a much more extensive application, than is contended for, even by the orders in council. The preamble to a FRENCH ORDONANCE of this very war of 1756, to which Mr. Madison refers, as presenting the beginning of the principle by the *English alone*, we have these words, 'It must also be here observed, that the regulations established by France, during the war are not particular to her only, *but that other nations have established pretty near the same.*'

From this it appears that *other nations* had contended for this very principle, and that too from early times: which renders Mr. Madison's charges against Great-Britain perfectly groundless. But suppose we can shew *that this very Rule of '56 was even less broad than the laws of nations authorized at this time*, what shift can then remain?

A work entitled '*A defence of the Dutch West-India trade, addressed to the good people of England, by a merchant of Amsterdam,*' undertakes to contest this RULE: but how? Not by contending that it is an infraction of the principles of international law, but by arguing on the meaning of the terms of the treaty then existing between England and Holland, by which this writer affirms the English had '*renounced their rights,*' which he observes the French '*never did.*' The terms of this treaty with the Dutch were these, 'granting to the Dutch a liberty of trading with the French when the French were at war, *as they did in time of peace.*' This is the precise doctrine now maintained by the English, and was then considered by the Dutch writer, as by no means a departure from the law of nations, but as not warranting the construction which the English had put upon it.

And besides, they had given up by other parts of the compact this very right for which they contended, and which, *had there not been a treaty never would have been disputed.*

The French ordonance which we just now referred to, published during this very war of 1756, takes up Valin's principle in its fullest extent and proves the Dutch author's opinion to be true, since the Dutch never made any controversy with France upon the subject.

'Ordonance and regulations delivered by the court of France to the states general of the united provinces, with the rules and and directions required to be observed by the subjects of the states, to protect their ships and cargoes from being deemed lawful prizes, if taken by any of the French ships of war or privateers; published in the Utrecht Gazette of the 8th of July, 1756, under the title *Memoir Instructif*, and is understood to refer to all neutral powers whatever.'

In the preamble of this *Memoir Instructif*, the doctrine of Valin is evidently referred to and revived by this remark. 'The ordonance and the marine regulations (Valin)of France having exacted certain forms & conditions which when observed by a neutral ship, the ship is considered truly neutral; but if on the contrary, there is found a failure in any of these conditions, the ships are presumed to belong to the enemy and are to be deemed lawful prizes.' And the ordonance consists of *twelve* articles. The 1st. 2d. and 3d, merely relate to the kind of papers requisite, and the forms necessary to be observed respecting them. The 4th provides that the supercargo or marine clerk must not be an enemy; and that not more than one third of the ship's crew shall be subjects of the enemy: 5th and 6th relate to the muster roll and articles contraband of war. 7th. 'If the Dutch ships carry any *goods or merchandize of the growth or manufacture* of the enemies of France, they shall be deemed good prizes, but the ships shall be discharged.'

This article is general, and includes both the 3d and 4th articles recited from Valin; which principle goes beyond the rule of '56, as contained in the treaty of England with the Dutch. It seems too that the French by a treaty with the States general, in 1739, had permitted this trade with the enemy; but the treaty was revoked by the French, at the conclusion of the war. From

the 8th to the 12th article of the ordonance, we can discover nothing which has any bearing upon the present question.

Thus Mr. Madison's assertions are not only rendered completely nugatory, but we think the following ideas are pretty clearly made out. 1st. That the 'rule of war of 56,' contains no principle inconsistent with the law or practice of nations at that period; but is in truth a *limitation* of their principles and practice.

2d. That France is more culpable than Great-Britain, on this subject.

3d. That Great-Britain never *assumed* the rule and interpolated it into the law of nations; but it was contained in a treaty with the Dutch, by which it was contended the English had renounced the right, which by the law of nations would have been unquestionable.

For our own parts we wish it to be understood, that though Mr. Madison is found to have been unfair in his argument with Great-Britain, in point of fact, yet we cannot consider the claims of that nation, on the subject of the colonial trade, to be indubitable, upon any principles of equity or justice, which serve for the foundation of international law. Mr. Madison has shewn his ignorance of the practice of nations notwithstanding.

To the INDEPENDENT VOTERS OF BOSTON, *and its vicinity.*

THE approaching election is highly interesting to the welfare of this community; it may be in your power to reinstate the commonwealth in its former prosperity and renown. The situation of publick affairs attaches extraordinary importance to the decision, promptitude and energy of this quarter of the state. The balance of the election will be turned either favourably or otherwise by the town of Boston. You are now engaged in a great national controversy, you have chosen the side which conforms most nearly to your opinions of the policy to be pursued at this crisis; and it is your duty to support that *side* without suffering a single *personal* scruple to impede your determination. The very existence of the United States, and the constitution of government are now at stake; the crisis may be favourable, and the country saved: but it will depend upon your intelligence, your energy, and your decision. This is no ordinary election; it is not a question merely between CHRISTOPHER GORE and LEVI LINCOLN; it is not a per-

sonal contest, but it is the constitutional struggle of *the oppressed against the oppressor, of virtuous opposition against systematick tyranny.*

Is the national happiness in a state of jeopardy? Is our government respected in the eyes of foreign powers? And shall we be willing to remain quiet, and hug the chains by which we have so long been fettered? In choosing LEVI LINCOLN you are sure that you perpetuate the system which has hitherto been pursued, and which has nearly involved us in a ruin coextensive as the empire. By voting for Mr. GORE, you have at least a *chance* of safety, from the violence of the tempest. LEVI LINCOLN can never act the part of sincerity: he cannot alter his conduct without violating his pledge to the party who espoused him. He seems bound to it by all his tyrannical, hypocritical acts since he has been in office, as well as by the most solemn engagements to support the present system of policy pursued by the administration. If he were to act with the Federalists, he would disgrace them by his accession; for it would be declaring that he never had a virtuous principle of action. I like to see a man faithful even to his own villany. Knowing therefore that we have no change to hope or to expect from LEVI LINCOLN, we can judge from past experience what kind of happiness we should enjoy under the poisonous shade of his government. He has done every thing in his power to oppress the people of this state; he has peremptorily *refused to sign a bill to exempt our houses from* UNCONSTITUTIONAL SEARCH; *he has violated the rights of the citizens, in giving secret military orders, at the instigation of an unauthorized officer;* and he has avowed principles in his speech to the legislature, which, if admitted to be true, might involve the country in a system of government the most despotick and oppressive. As for his talents, we are yet to discover the first evidence that they exist; he has not shown them as a writer, as a lawyer, or as Lieut. Governour; and we really have no disposition to pursue the experiment further in order to determine whether as Governour and commander in chief they will probably be more evidently developed. The experiment would be too dangerous; it might terminate in a death-blow to our liberties, and prepared as the Lieut. Governour undoubtedly is to inflict it, for the gratification of his revenge.

Mr. GORE, on the other hand, will preserve your honour if he cannot reinstate your happiness. He will have a single eye to the publick good, and will *co-operate* with every other state in the union of corresponding dispositions, in restoring us to our former enviable situation, and render us once MORE THE SECOND COMMERCIAL *nation* ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH. He will constantly keep that glorious end in view, which you are determined never to relinquish.

Under such sentiments can you hesitate a moment in your choice? Between a man who has already avowed his determination to maintain

a policy by means of which we are now groaning under the last stage of indurance; who openly declares that the constitution offers no barrier to the designs of his hostility to the federalists, and who is willing to enforce oppression by the sword; and one who considers his honour and integrity dearer to him than his life, and will not even hesitate promptly to sacrifice the latter to preserve the former from suspicion.

AN ELECTOR.

PRESIDENT ADAMS's LETTER.

"Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness."

THE letter of the former leader of the federal party is now so much extolled by the very men who used formerly to exhaust the language of insolence and invective in abusing him, that we are doubtful whether it has not been fraudulently obtained. If the letter be genuine in all its parts; if the tales of his mother and nurse are now recurring to the mind of the writer as important opinions; if like Swift's his mind is prostrated in his age, what a lamentable fall has he experienced!

'O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts;
'And men have lost their reason.'

Let any person peruse the publick answers of President Adams to the various addresses presented to him in 1798, while his faculties had their full display, and he will recognize an entirely different individual from him who wrote a letter to two democrats in Northampton. There is no affinity of sentiment, of dignity, or language to be discovered in the comparison. But every reader would pronounce, without any other ground of judgment than internal evidence, *that the letter in question is a downright forgery, palmed upon the publick for electioneering purposes.* If this is not the case, we are ready to exclaim with Churchill:—

'Sure 'tis a curse, which angry Fates impose,
To mortify man's arrogance, that those
Who're fashion'd of some better sort of clay,
Much sooner than the common herd decay:
What bitter pangs must humbled Genius feel,
In her last hours to view a Swift and Steele?
How must ill-boding horrors fill her breast,
When she beholds men mark'd above the rest
For qualities most dear, plung'd from that height,
And sunk, deep sunk, in second Childhood's night?
Are men, indeed, such things, and are the best
More subject to this evil, than the rest;

To drivel out whole years of Idiot breath,
And sit the monuments of living death ?
O galling circumstance to human pride !
Abasing thought, but not to be denied !
With curious art the brain too finely wrought,
Preys on herself, and is destroy'd by thought ;
Constant Attention wears the active mind,
Blots out her powers, and leaves a blank behind.
But let not youth, to insolence allied,
In heat of blood, in full career of pride,
Possess'd of Genius, with unhallow'd rage,
Mock the infirmities of rev'rend age.
The greatest Genius to his fate may bow :'
Dexter, in time, may be like Adams now.

ON AMERICAN FONDNESS FOR SIMILITUDE.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

AMONG the striking defects, with which the American nation in a literary view is fairly to be charged, it appears to me, that no one is more apparent, than the taste for a profuse and almost promiscuous use of figure as it is called, or tropes, metaphors and similes in their most familiar compositions. We have a kind of sickly appetite for such intellectual sweets, and cannot relish, but rather nauseate the raciness of more substantial food. Some of our writers oppress their subjects with a weight of Roman and Grecian names, which are distorted into some remote application to the object of his enquiry. The most familiar ideas must be illustrated by a metaphor ; as if every notion of the writer were so dark and obscure, as to require the torch of fancy to shew its formation. All authors of any celebrity are obliged to humour this perversion of taste, or else be contented to sink into insignificance without exciting censure or extorting applause. If a sermon, is printed, the first thing, which general readers seek in it, is the best simile ; if it possesses any thing of the kind, it is bespattered with such praise and panegyrick as can only be deserved by the most laborious industry, exalted talents and accumulated learning. Ask Miss A or B how she is pleased with such a production, and if she admires it, she will be sure in the next sentence to repeat some similitude which it contained ; and which in truth, will be found the whole charm by which her admiration was raised. The ingenuity with which a subject may be handled, and the art of elegant writing, do not consist in the labour of collecting mythological allusions, or heaping up a pile of compari-

sons, without propriety or distinctness. The man of information requires something more, and the man merely of common sense, requires something less. If writers would condescend to reason and think, rather than distemper their fancies in seeking out eternally new similes and comparisons, though they would not satisfy the desires of the Miss at the boarding school, or even the literary woman of this country, yet the thinking part of the community would feel greatly obliged to them, for the pleasure they would afford. Let it not be understood that an objection is made to all illustrations of a subject because a too profuse and lavish use happens to be made of metaphor and simile. I have noticed the tendency of American writers and readers to this bad taste, because it appears that such sentiments as encourage its prevalence are rapidly increasing.

I have lately seen a pamphlet in which this kind of taste is made evident. It proposes to be 'A BRIEF SKETCH OF SPAIN,' introduced in an '*an account of the publick festival given in honour of Spanish valour and patriotism, by the citizens of Boston.*' This Sketch is headed by 'a page of mottos,' entitled 'Hints of Men and Nations,' in which the language of Shakespeare and Brooke, is unnecessarily altered and applied to Ferdinand VII. Cevallos, Emp. Nap. Spirit of Spain, Napoleon, Great-Britain, Philosopher of Monticello, and New-England. All this parade is merely to usher in twelve duodecimo pages about Spain and the valour of the Spanish patriots, in which we have similes and amplifications without end or propriety. The style is so exceedingly ambiguous that I cannot forbear to quote some instances of 'the soil of imagination running to weeds.' For a taste,

'The late *eruption* of publick virtue in this southern extremity of Atlantick Europe, which has covered with a *warm suffusion of transport* the cheeks of all brother patriots in every section of the globe, is not to be regarded as one of the wonders of this age of prodigies.' That is admirable! an *eruption* covering the cheeks of all brother patriots with a '*suffusion of transport*' is admirable! 'Oh *matter* and impertinency mixed!'

The author is fond of the classicks; in this taste he denominates Napoleon, 'a HERO compounded of marginal notes translated from *Plutarch;* a POLITICIAN, military as Rome, and corrupt as her Prætorian cohort.' But 'he had not suspected that the very arts which he employed to sever the rock at the basis of the mountain, would rend the ice on its summit, and produce an *avalanche* to crush him.' We can readily comprehend that Napoleon has been mistaken in the character of the Spaniards; but cannot discover any similitude to that mistake, in his rending the ice at the summit of the mountain, by endeavouring to sever a rock at its base. The metaphor too implies a physical impossibility. We then are entertained with another comparison, between

Napoleon and a *Choctaw*; Napoleon in a cathedral, and the *Choctaw* in a philosophy-chamber. Perhaps I should betray my ignorance in asking what it all means; but I have no doubt I shall betray it grossly when I say that it has no meaning. But let the whole parallel be given.

'It is no wonder, therefore, that he has lounged into the cathedrals of Spain, as a *Choctaw* on his travels would stroll among the apparatus of a philosophy chamber. Haply, both for a while, might be mightily tickled with so novel an amusement, in which their sole object was to gaze, to admire, and to pilfer. The *royal robber* would no doubt lay his hands on the superb and massy ornaments of the church, with as little ceremony and concern, as the 'untutored Indian' would have in feeling and handling the magical workmanship of an *electrick machine*. This too, *sans doubte*, might all be done from curiosity—*sheer curiosity*; and the results of both experiments have been equally curious. '*Noli me tangere*' was a motto which the Indian never knew, and the Corsican had forgotten; and thus they both agreed to touch and take; '*but no such matter!*' For when the '*itching palm*' of the arch emperour sacrilegiously attempted to purloin the treasures of the sacristy, without asking first the wings of its sculptored saints to transport it, he fatally found, like his unsophisticated brother of the woods, that his too meddlesome finger had struck the conducting WIRE OF THE BATTERY, and what he had touched from *amusement*, had knocked him down in *good earnest!*'

I shall only make another extract in rather a better, though yet distempered taste, for the satisfaction of your readers.

'In the wide waste of her glory, we discern with pride, and, we commemorate with gratitude, the noble effort she made in the cause of American Liberty. As the generous and voluntary deed of a gallant and disinterested nation, it is worthy the brightest days of her chivalry. It was heroism without reproach, and without reward; it was a spark of *Castillian fire*, which relumined the quivering lamp in the clay-cold cemetery of her honours. A great people can never be debased by a weak government. The love of country is a religion, which burns in all bosoms, and submits to all sacrifices. That man must be brave, who fears to outlive his country. His *home* and his *grave* are sacred by the law of nature, and the prescriptions of ages. Farms and kingdoms may be sold, but not their inhabitants, or knight service. MEN are not *heir-looms* to estates; nor *sumpter-mules* to itinerant kings.'

I might greatly multiply instances of this nature, but I think I have already given a sufficient specimen to satisfy any reasonable or thinking mind of the propriety of my objections, to the hankering of American writers after ornament, and tinsel finery in their composition. Plain good sense has no chance with such persons; they despise it. And after all it is by no means so difficult to fill a composition with metaphorical illustrations as is generally supposed by the world; and the mer-

it of such a work after it is ended, is much inferiour to a single striking observation, expressed with purity, simplicity, energy and precision.

A READER.

THE PATRIOTS.

IT seems to be the fashion to despond because the French army has made some progress in Spain, and to consider the glorious struggle for liberty and honour, in which the whole Spanish nation is opposed to the greatest oppressor whom the world has ever seen, as utterly ineffectual and hopeless. But whilst we remember the wonderful resources of the French emperour, his numerous well appointed armies, his talents, and his intrigues, we cannot forget the cause in which the patriots are engaged, the enmity and the unsubdued spirit of hostility, which they express towards their enemies. Bonaparte, in traversing Spain without effectual impediments, will not necessarily conquer the determinations still to resist him. If the Spaniards are actuated by an ardour as inextinguishable, and a courage as invincible as ours were during our revolutionary war, though they may be beaten as we were in almost every pitched battle, we may expect that, as we did, they 'will rise up like hydras in every corner, and gather fresh strength from fresh opposition.'

There is nothing contained in any news we have yet received from Spain, which should incline us to despair of the ultimate success of the patriots. Who has been so foolish as to imagine the Spaniards capable of resisting the discipline and numbers of the French armies in general engagements? Who could have supposed that Napoleon would have been suddenly defeated, when the Supreme Junta expressly ordered their generals by all means to avoid coming into actions, the issue of which might determine the fate of the country. Under such instructions, what have the Spaniards lost that might not have been foreseen? They have avoided all general actions. They have maintained defensive positions on high grounds. They have wisely separated their forces. They have retreated when they expected defeat. They have fought bravely, but not rashly. The consequences have been, that even by the French bulletins, they have not suffered severe losses of men; they have received irritating wounds, but not fatal blows. And after all Napoleon's successes, there are as many armies ready to fight him, and certainly as capable of opposing him, as when he first attacked General Blake, at Sonorsa, in the beginning of the campaign.

The Spaniards must fight hard to drive the French out of their country; but long contests make good soldiers; and it is admitted by one of the first generals of the age, that the Spanish troops are as courage-

ous and hardy as those of any other nation in Europe, and much more docile and easily led on. They will begin soon to gain partial successes over the French; this will revive their spirits, correct their discipline, and above all confirm their steadiness under a galling fire. New generals, if the old ones are killed, will be found to rise up; they are always produced during great struggles. And perhaps in a few months we may hear of another battle of Pultowa, at Salamanca, or under the walls of Saragossa.

LETTERS FROM BOSTON.

No. II.

To — —,

Boston, September, 10, 1808.

I FIND the Bostonians so impressed with their political importance in the union of the states, that they think, write and talk upon nothing else but politicks, and the embargo is the first and last subject, which has engaged the attention of every company of gentlemen into which I have yet been introduced. I do not wonder at the circumstance; the increasing prosperity and happiness of the country has been suddenly impeded, and as the whole community depend upon commerce for all their pleasures and enjoyments, it is natural that the embargo should almost exclusively engage their attention. The ladies, however, act a different part. As they are uncommonly fond of the company of strangers, they employ all their arts, of dress, conversation, and personal charms, to engage their devoted attention. The women here, when I first landed, as I had for so long a time been familiar only with the sight of swarthy beauties, appeared like so many divinities. But I have recovered the use of my reason, which was bewildered by the glare of their charms, and I now can discover their defects, and discriminate pretty accurately between one beauty and another. I brought letters to your old friend Mr. ******, who has treated me with uncommon civility. Indeed the hospitality of the Bostonians to strangers is proverbial. As soon as I made myself known to Mr. ******, he offered to shew me the town, as he called it; I accepted his invitation, and he conducted me to all the remarkable elevations, of which there are a number, pointed out the buildings most remarkable for beauty, historical importance or general utility, and introduced me to such institutions as he thought it would be most agreeable for a stranger to be acquainted with. As I shall have occasion hereafter to describe with some minuteness, my impressions in relation to these topicks, it will not be necessary to enter into the detail at present. I only mention it, as an instance of your friend's attention, who employed himself the whole day in contributing to my amusement and information. In the evening, at his house, I had the pleasure for the first time, of viewing an assembly

of American ladies. I think their predominant defect is want of taste in the disposition of their dress. Their clothes are by no means well put on; and they carry to a great extent the too dangerous and very disgusting practice of reducing the waist, by bracing it as much as possible. The effects of this habit on the other sex are by no means so favourable as the ladies have erroneously supposed; for while it causes a more lavish exhibition of their personal charms, the charm of modesty and diffidence seems entirely forgotten. The Boston ladies walk very ill; they are so accustomed to the uncommonly bad pavements of their city, that they hobble along like the Chinese. They are very fond of shopping, or rather of displaying their persons in publick: and they parade for that purpose through the principal street, which they call Cornhill, after our London street, and completely fatigue the shopman about goods which they frequently have no intention of purchasing. Shopping serves as an excuse for young women to show themselves in publick; they remain in Cornhill, often a whole forenoon, overturning half the goods in half the shops in the town, and return home without any other bargain than perhaps a pretty ribbon, or a bauble yet more insignificant. I do not mention this circumstance as an objection to the Boston ladies; on the contrary I am delighted to observe the frequency with which they repeat it. As it is considered indecorous, according to the motherly phraseology of the old ladies, for the young women to be 'always in the streets,' the going a shopping answers for a sufficient excuse, and under that guise, they can become the theme of remark among the sauntering beaux, or can be accompanied by them without giving rise to any scandalous stories, which even common civility from a young gentleman is apt to produce among the old maids of the city. I have often remarked how readily scandalous stories are propagated, in a community where there is a large proportion of old maids. The state of Massachusetts it is estimated has about three females to two males, and the males generally continue single, particularly in the city, until they are at least thirty years of age; so that it may be fairly supposed that there are few towns in the world, where a greater number of disappointed prudes and affected belles have ended their career in stale virginity, than this same city of Boston. And certainly there is no city in which a story which may involve the chastity of a fine woman or the character of a celebrated man, spreads with a more rapid circulation than this. I had not been in my lodgings more than two days, before the gossiping tales of the day were begun, believed and disposed of with most pertinacious volubility, by a certain gentleman at the dinner table, whose name, for distinction sake, I shall call Mr. Gossamer Gadfly.

Gossamer, without a particle of real understanding, has a kind of affected humour, and flippancy of utterance, which renders him eminently well calculated to communicate stories about his acquaintance;

and he is extremely fond of raising a laugh at the indiscretions of his friends, by relating with all the force of mimickry and drollery any ridiculous event or particularity by which their lives or manners may be distinguished. This kind of behaviour in him, I have heard attributed to a mere effervescence of youthful hilarity, that it begins and ends in good humour, and that as all his acquaintances, and even his relations experience the same treatment, every body laughs at his jokes, his grimaces, and his volubility without ever once being offended. For my part, if I could discover any thing like sense in all his vivacity, I could readily enough forgive the eccentricity he displays. But under all this exteriour, he has no intellect ; his conversation is mere whip syllabub, which, however, seems to please the beaux and belles infinitely more than the solid sense and polite learning of another gentleman, who generally accompanies Mr. Gadfly to all parties of pleasure.

Your sincere friend, C. S.

POETRY.

THE opposition of rational religionists to the dangers of fanaticism can hardly be expected to obtain any very remarkable success. The force of reason has but little effect, in counteracting the settled prejudices and determinations of men who are fixed in them by habit, pride, fear and resentment. It is only by little and little, by slow, vigorous and patient attempts, that truth can hope to eradicate errours so deeply rooted in the feelings and passions of mankind. Ridicule is the most effectual weapon left us to frighten away prejudice guarded by fear. A man under such circumstances, can more readily be laughed out of his folly by ridicule, than reasoned out of it by the clearest and most illuminated understanding. Yet under its best aspects, the process is peculiarly tedious though good effects may ultimately follow from frequent repetitions ; it seems 'to resemble that of moistening magnesia, or any other fine powder with water. Though very dry and thirsty it will by no means unite with the fluid at first, but is sure if rashly handled, to run into troublesome knots and masses, or to fly up in the eyes of the operator. By adding but a little of the water at a time, however, and carefully and patiently rubbing it up with the refractory pulvil, he may always be sure of effecting an incorporating union and producing a smooth and indissoluble compound of great virtue and efficacy.'

With these impressions, we think the following lines from a celebrated American satire, may well be administered at this time ; and be attended with salutary effects.

FANATICISM.

I HATE your hypocritick race,
Who prate about pretended grace ;
With tabernacle phizzes,
Who think Omnipotence to charm,

By faces longer than my arm!
O what a set of quizzes!
I hate your wretches, wild and sad,
Like gloomy wights in Bedlam mad,
Or vile Old Baily culprits;
Who with a sacrilegious zeal,
Death and damnation dare to deal,
From barn-erected pulpits.
I hate that hangman's aspect bluff,
In him, whose disposition rough,
The porcupine's surpasses;
Who thinks that heaven is in his power,
Because his sullen looks might sour
A barrel of molasses.
A stupid wretch, who cannot read,
(A very likely thing indeed)
Receives from heaven a calling;
He leaves his plough, he drops his hoe,
Gets on his meeting clothes, and lo,
Sets up the trade of bawling.
With lengthen'd visage, woe bedight,
An *outward* sign of inward light,
He howls in dismal tone;—
'I say, as how, you must be d—d,
For Satan an't so easy shamm'd,
And you're the devil's own!'
Fools, and old women, blubbering round,
With sobs, and sighs, and grief profound,
His every tone respond, Sir,
O could I catch the whining cur,
The deuce a bit would I demur,
To duck him in a pond, Sir.
If any of the canting race,
Are sent to visit any place,
Adieu to all decorum;
To every virtue now adieu,
Morality, religion true,
Are blasted all before 'em.
A good old woman has the spleen,
And sees what is not to be seen,
Or dreams of things uncommon;
Yea, ten times more than tongue can tell,
Strange things in heaven, and eke in hell,
O, what a nice old woman!

Straight by the sect 'tis blaz'd about,
That she's inspir'd beyond a doubt,
And has her sins forgiven;
How can the wretches hope for bliss,
Who palm such foolish stuff as this,
Upon the God of Heaven?
Such doers of the devil's works,
Are sure than renegado Turks
Worse foes to real piety;
And though we would not persecute,
By dint of ridicule, we'll hoot
The wretches from society.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

4. Letters to the Rev. Thomas Belsham, on his Sermon after the death of Dr. Priestly. By the Rev. John. P. Smith. 12mo. Boston, Farrand, Mallory & Co. This little book, neatly printed from the London edition, is a dispassionate effort to maintain the Trinitarian, or Arian, system, in opposition to Unitarianism. The letters, though not containing much weight of argument, are embellished with some beautiful allusions to the Roman classicks, particularly the writings of Cicero.

5. The Christian Monitor, No. IX. containing an earnest exhortation to a holy Life, and a Letter to a young Lady on Preparation for Death. Boston. Munroe, Francis, and Parker. This work, in a concise manner, unfolds the great obligations of Christians, and urges the motives of the gospel towards a diligent and persevering discharge of them.

6. The Panoplist, No. X. for March. Beside the usual quantity of paper wasted in promulgating the Calvinistico-Papistico-Hopkinistico ebullitions of the editors, they have added to this number *eight pages*, to give room for a review of the Christian Monitor, No. IX. Though these reviewers profess to be actuated by pure and conscientious motives, it is impossible for a disinterested reader to discover, throughout the whole production, any thing but a spirit of religious intolerance and a most diabolical malignity, that would disgrace the annals of the papal inquisition. They are extremely angry with the Monitor, because 'it is entirely cleared of every appearance of the arch-fiend,' a double portion of whose spirit seems to rest upon themselves.—'I declare, (quoth my uncle Toby) my heart would not let me curse the devil himself with so much bitterness.'

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

"A PATRON," from Newburyport, is received. If he has any more communications to make, upon matters which concern not us, he will please to pay the postage.